

Clannad

"Coinleach Glas An Fhromhair"

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On the green stubble-fields of autumn
I saw you, my sweetheart.
Nice were your feet in shoes
And wonderful your nimble gait.
Your hair the color of roses
And your ringlets tightly plaited
Alas that we're not married
Or on board ship sailing away

The boys around here are
Laughing and getting bold
And the people of the high straw?
Are making ? ? of my brown girl
If the king of spain would
Go abroad with his assembled men
I would flatten grass and rank grass
And I would be with my brown girl

Buying cows at the fair
If I were ? and my brown girl
Go and come first love
Until we go over to gaoth-bearra
Until we separate from each other
The tops of the branches and the swan

From the waves ?
That won't separate us
And it's only folly for you to put it ? ?

I wrote a letter
To my sweetheart and a sharp complaint
She sent it back to me
That her heart was inside me.
Compose the artsswannoble person ?
Finer than silk or bird feathers
Heavy is my sigh
When I think of being apart from her.

What I heard on sunday
As conversation among the women
That she was going to be married
To a young man from the place.

Sweetheart take my advice
And this autumn stay as you are
And don't tell anyone, my love,
That you are my love.

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